

SQUAREST MAN

Title Won By Former Mayor
Charles Grainger.

Fusionist Surprised At Habits
Of The Man.

Don't Drink Or Smoke And
Retires Early.

ALWAYS PLAYS ON TOP OF TABLE.

The squarest man in politics and business in Kentucky.

This is what Charles F. Grainger, of Louisville, is now and has always been. The editor of this paper knew Mr. Grainger intimately when the latter was mayor of Louisville, and the editor was a reporter for a Louisville newspaper, covering the City Hall beat. He learned to know Mr. Grainger and to know that when Mr. Grainger said anything, he meant just what he said and that when he promised to do a thing it was certain to be done. They say in Louisville that Mr. Grainger is the only man ever elected mayor of Louisville who kept his promises, and he is certainly the only mayor who went out of office at the end of his term stronger than when he went in. In looking over some exchanges the other day, the following which relates to Mr. Grainger was discovered, and is published that the readers of this paper, at least, may know what kind of a man Mr. Grainger is:

Much Abused Grainger.

"Perhaps no man in Kentucky politics has been more abused or vilified than Charles F. Grainger, Louisville's former mayor. Those who really know Grainger say that there is no man whose life is purer, cleaner or more wholesome than his. His sturdy stand for the Democrats of Louisville arrayed against him an element of the citizens of the metropolis who, on account of Grainger's grip on the local organization and his interest in racing in Kentucky, caused them to feel that the man was the embodiment of all the elements that go to make up the unscrupulous political boss.

"Grainger is now out of politics and has retired to private life. But the story of a Louisville Fusionist, who, up until recently, has always fought Grainger tooth and nail, reveals a side of the man's life that has never been known generally. Grainger's friends, however, who have been closely associated with him, have always known the type of man he was. And, therefore, the story is nothing new to them. The fact that some \$38,000 of the \$40,000 of the city's money was recently spent in an effort to get some intimation of something that might cast suspicion on the former mayor only resulted in the dollars going up in smoke, and Grainger's honesty and integrity beaming all the stronger. Although now in private life few men in Kentucky, so his friends declare, have the respect and esteem of the people who know him more than Charles F. Grainger has.

"The story is told by a Louisville Fusionist and not by Grainger, for he does little talking. The Fusionist who, in the heat of two political campaigns, had abused Grainger unmercifully, met with the former mayor in an Eastern city some time ago and spoke to him. Grainger, always courteous and polite, extended his hand and shook that of the Fusionist with great cordiality.

"Charley," said the other man, "I didn't think that you would speak so kindly."

"Why not?" asked Grainger, pleasantly. "I am always glad to see a Kentuckian anywhere."

Something of His Habits.

As told by the Fusionist, Grainger went up to his room with the Fusionist following him. Walking in, the other said:

"Charley, have a cigar."

"No, I thank you," replied Grainger, "I never use tobacco. Don't let that prevent you, though."

After lighting up the Fusionist went to the telephone and ordered some wine.

"You'll join me in this, anyhow," he said.

"I am very much obliged," responded the ex-mayor, "but just make it Apollinaris for me. I never drink."

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't drink?"

"I never do. I don't object to others drinking, just as long as they do not permit their drinking to interfere with their business, and then I don't care unless they are working for me. That's my ticket, but I'm not too good to drink. I just don't do it."

"Well, I'll be d—d!" said his companion. "And yet, we have been claiming down home that you were a bad fellow, and that we were good citizens."

Grainger smiled. "Just cut that out," he said, with a laugh. "I'll beat you at golf, bridge or billiards."

There was silence for a time. "Let's have a little theatre party and a dinner," said his friend, with a wink, indicating that there might be some side attractions.

"You'll have to scratch me again," spoke up Grainger. "Really, I am sorry, but you know you are a little too good for me. I usually retire early. At home I keep regular hours and I try to do the same when away."

"Well, I'll be d—d, Grainger," said the Fusionist, pacing the room. "You are a surprise to me. But you set a good example for a fellow. I never knew you before."

Always on the Level.

He left. Grainger went downstairs and won a few games at billiards. He came back, read the afternoon papers and prepared for bed. A rap came and the door of the adjoining room opened. The Fusionist entered and saw—by the side of his bed—the former mayor of Louisville, "the atrocious boss," kneeling in prayer. The Fusionist stood silently in the middle of the floor, and finally said:

"Grainger, do you say your prayers every night?"

"Every night of my life," was the proud reply. "Ever since I was taught by my good old mother."

"You are the best fellow I ever saw."

"No, I am not," said Grainger, quickly. "I say my prayers because I think I need to. Look here, man. I'm no goody-goody. I simply believe in being on the level and in doing the best I can. That's the rule of my life. I try to live every day so that I can look every d—d man in the face and tell him to go to hell, if I choose. That's my doctrine. I say my prayers and I have never done anything that my mother, who taught me that prayer, would be ashamed of. I'm happy, and so there you are."

The Fusionist was saying good night.

"By the way," called Grainger, "if you know any horse that you think will win tomorrow, I might bet \$500 on him."

"Charley," said the Fusionist, "You have set me the best example any man ever did. I would have done things tonight that I should have regretted, if it hadn't been for you."

He clasped Grainger's hand tightly.

"I'm for you stronger than any man in Louisville. I say it, although I'm a Republican. The next man I hear say anything about you will have me to whip."

The Fusionist, a good citizen and a man who had believed the "Grainger machine" to be without honor, tells this story all over town.

County Board Will Handle Tobacco Crops.

CARROLL COUNTY SOCIETY TAKE
OVER TWO MILLION POUNDS
OF THE WEED.

The Carroll County Board of Control of the Burley Tobacco Society has taken charge of the 1906 crop of tobacco, and which has been in the tobacco warehouses of Louisville for the past few months. The transfer was made by the rehandlers of Carroll county, who prized and rebanded it and gave bond to guarantee it until July 1, 1908.

The Board of Control went to Louisville and began its inspection of the crop. The tobacco was inspected by several experts employed by the Louisville warehouses and all of it was pronounced in the best of condition. The Board of Control gave the rehandlers a quietus and relieved them of all further responsibility. The 1906 crop of Carroll county amounted to 2,000,000 pounds, and the condition of the crop in that county, as inspected yesterday, proves as false the theory recently advanced by many that the crop of two years ago was a failure throughout Kentucky and the Burley district.

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GETS FREEDOM.

Gov. Cox Pardons Man Who
Had Served Many Years.

TIME WOULD HAVE EXPIRED IN
DECEMBER—GOV. WILLSON
BACK AT WORK.

Acting Governor Cox, a convict who would have been released by the expiration of his term in December, after having served over seventeen years in the penitentiary here. The Acting Governor thought the man had served enough of his time, and the pardon was recommended by the trial court and the jury which convicted the man. His name is Herod Fletcher and he was convicted of killing his cousin, Cy Fletcher, in Magoffin county, in 1894, on election day. Fletcher was convicted and sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. His time would have expired in December, but he wanted a pardon, so that his citizenship would be restored to him. No protest was made against the granting of the pardon, and Gov. Cox decided that there was no good reason why the man should not go back to his home before his time was up.

Acting Governor Cox's last act before leaving the Governor's office was to issue a pardon to William Thornton, a young man convicted in Henderson of the charge of being accessory to robbery. The principal in the case received a sentence of two years and Thornton, who went to trial, was given three years. Later it was shown by the testimony of the principal that he alone was guilty and Thornton had had nothing to do with the crime.

Gov. Cox went to his home in Maysville and on to Atlantic City Wednesday for several weeks. Governor Willson reached Frankfort Monday. His mail had been pretty well cleared away by McKenzie Todd, his secretary, and the Governor will not have so much work as he had before his departure for Chicago two weeks ago.

Bowling Green Messenger Enters The News Field.

Judge Henry B. Hines and Ed. O. Leigh have launched the Bowling Green Messenger, which made its initial appearance Sunday and which will be issued every Thursday and Sunday hereafter. The new publication, which is designed to meet the needs of Bowling Green and Warren county, is all and more than its owners claimed for it in advance. Its typographical appearance is excellent, and the paper is full of news. In politics it is Democratic and promises to be a powerful influence in the Third district. The advertising support given the publishers in the first issue speaks well for the financial success of the venture.

Both Judge Hines and Mr. Leigh are widely and favorably known throughout the length and breadth of the State and their hundreds of friends are congratulating them on the successful beginning of their new enterprise.

Upholds New Whisky Law Defining Brands.

Judge Sater, in the United States Circuit Court, dissolved the restraining order which has been obtained by the Clifton Springs Distilling Company to stop the internal revenue men from branding with the designation "alcohol" a grade of distilled spirits which the company has been making, and selling for half a century under the name of "spirits."

Judge Sater, in his decisions, upholds the right of United States Internal Revenue Commissioner Capers to prescribe new rules for the branding of various products of the distilleries under the three general names of "high wines," "alcohol" and "spirits," as the case may be.

War Against Consumption.

All nations are endeavoring to check the ravages of consumption, the "white plague" that claims so many victims each year. Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds perfectly and you are in no danger of consumption. Do not risk your health by taking some unknown preparation when Foley's Honey and Tar is safe and certain in results. For sale by all druggists.

Those who have given our printing a trial have been pleased and gratified. Some of our customers say it is the best printing done in the city—the best they have ever received.

HEAVY LOSS.

Stamping Ground Almost
Wiped Off Map.

Fire Destroys Haynor Hotel
And Sweeps Town.

Blaze Supposed To Be
To Incendiaries.

STARTS NEAR THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Fire which started about 1 o'clock Thursday morning in the Haynor Hotel, in Stamping Ground, spread rapidly to other buildings and for a time it was thought that the entire village would be destroyed. A storm was raging at the time and there seemed to be no chance to prevent every building in the town burning. The fire finally burned itself out. The loss is about \$20,000.

The buildings destroyed were the Haynor Hotel, of which Louis Wiley is the proprietor; the three-story business structure occupied by Hickey Bros., general store and B. S. Calvert's saloon, the most substantial business block in the town; Homer Hawkins' blacksmith shop, and residences of John Whitton and Mrs. Mary Branham and another person whose name could not be learned.

The families of Hike Duvall, John Herrin, Kenney Voorhies, George Duvall and Mrs. Robert Miller, who lived in the Hickey block, had their household goods destroyed.

The tabulated loss as near as could be estimated Thursday morning, was as follows:

Hickey Brothers, valuation of stock, \$4,000; insurance on building, \$2,500; John Whitton, loss \$1,400; no insurance.

D. C. Calvert, loss \$6,000; insurance \$1,500.

Homer Hawkins, loss \$1,000. Postoffice damaged about \$500.

Haynor Hotel damaged about \$3,000.

Poindexter Bros., loss about \$1,000.

The fire broke out about 1 o'clock in the rear of the Haynor Hotel, in or near the room occupied by the saloon, which is operated by Poindexter Bros. Who first discovered it, is not known, but Town Marshal John Richards, who lives only a short distance from the Haynor Hotel, heard some one on the street scream "fire." He leaped out of bed and on going to the door discovered the flames issuing from the rear of the hotel. The alarm soon brought practically every resident of the village to the scene, but the fire, fanned by a stiff breeze, had by this time gained such headway that the bucket brigade could make but little headway against the devouring element.

Stamping Ground has no fire department and the bucket brigade had to be depended upon, and it did heroic work in the face of almost hopeless odds.

That the fire was of incendiary origin is generally believed. Recently two or three attempts have been made to burn the town, and when the last attempt was discovered a special night watchman was employed. After being on duty about a week the night watchman was relieved Wednesday and the following night the firebugs got in their incendiary work. A strong effort will be made by the citizens to find and punish the guilty party or parties, and it is said that a clue has been discovered that may lead to the apprehension of the perpetrators.

Governor Attends Good Roads Conference.

Governor Willson went to Louisville Thursday afternoon and to Eminence Friday, with the men from that place who are interested in good roads. The Governor is a firm believer in good roads. He used to ride a bicycle a great deal and for that reason appreciates what good roads mean. He is a rider still, although he has not taken any runs about the State since he became Governor. The subject of good roads is on that appeals to him and he made a talk at Eminence to the men interested in the betterment of the thoroughfares of this State, which has more mileage of macadamized roads than any State in the Union. The Governor did not prepare a speech, but talked off-hand, as he usually does.



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